

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

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[no. 1.

THE BANDEAU OF LOVE; OR, THE BLINDNESS OF DULILOT.

A Tale.

Love has been represented with a *Bandeau*; of all her attributes, this is, perhaps, the most formidable, and the least dreaded: it seems, at first sight, that it has in fact some charms for hearts really captivated. A man loves to shut his eyes on the faults of a beloved mistress, and a woman would wish never to have discovered the infidelity of an amiable lover: it is pleasant to be ignorant of both. But, nevertheless, ought not the excesses into which error hurries us, make us apprehend a blindness that may become fatal? I shall answer this question only by the recital of a real adventure, the model of which would not be found in all the *Amadises* of romances.

In one of the most considerable towns in France, Dulilot occupied a respectable rank among the rich traders that are there to be found in great numbers. A character for integrity, which constitutes the principal quality and the greatest eulogium of a man in business,

distinguished him to advantage; a just discernment, an engaging temper, had gained him the esteem and good will of all those who knew him; these procured him a blessing perhaps still more uncommon, I mean a sincere, enlightened, generous and feeling friend, whose superior mind did not wait for years, to develop itself with nobleness, and produce those actions which in general are only the fruits of a virtue strengthened by experience.

Dulilot, older than his friend, who was but three and twenty, was at that period of life, when reason and strength naturally meet together. He was a partner, as are most of the merchants of Lyons who by this mean, facilitate to themselves the greatest undertakings; but his heart was not yet engaged; he had not apparently met with an object that could fix his choice, and a rational prudence had contributed to retard the determination of it. He wished with his hand to offer a brilliant situation, which several years of an established business can alone procure: He had, in this respect, attained the point that he might wish, when his affairs obliged him to

make a journey to Paris. Although the motives which prompted him to his journey were not very pressing, he gladly availed himself of them to visit the capital: he set off in spirits, and in this manner performed half of the route. In one of the inns where carriages stop, in the evening, to pass and rest the night, Dulilot was struck, on his arrival, by a woman whom he perceived there. A fascinating countenance, an affecting look, that air which interests, and more than all this, that certain something which captivates, overset him in a moment. He was surprised, troubled, and enchanted, before he had reflected on the cause of an impression so warm and so sudden; his eyes greedily surveyed the features of the person, the sight of whom agitated him: he could not resist the desire of knowing who she was. He enquired of a clergyman who frequently conversed with her, and appeared to be acquainted with her; from him he learned that this woman, respectable from her birth and her manners, was flying from the injustice of her parents and the rigours of fate, by which she was alike pursued. This opening, by still exciting his curiosity, also moved his liberality: he offered the person who informed him, two *louis d'ors*, which he begged him to prevail on the amiable and unfortunate lady to accept, at the same time charging him to conceal from her the ben-

efactor. The clergyman undertook a commission so suitable to his character, and the zeal with which he accompanied the execution of it, made it succeed to Dulilot's desire.

In the mean time it was growing late; Dulilot, who sought only the means of making acquaintance with the beautiful stranger, contrived to engage her to supper. The lady displayed, during the repast, so much grace and wit, that she completely inspired Dulilot with the most violent passion. He learnt that *Nervalle* (this was the name the lady assumed) was going to Lyons; how was it possible for him to leave her, by continuing his route towards Paris? He changed his plan at the very instant; and resolving to charge his correspondents to supply his place at Paris, he returned to his own country, where he proposed to render service to *Nervalle*, who, after some difficulties, at length suffered Dulilot to accompany her. Before they had arrived, the obliging ecclesiastic, who served her as a guardian and a guide, disappeared without his being able to learn what became of him; Dulilot was overjoyed at having it in his power to be his substitute; he was transported to find that he was become necessary; and he availed himself of the opportunities of the journey, to inform himself more fully of *Nervalle*'s situation, of the causes of a grief which she appeared to

wish to conceal, and of the reasons which made her fly from her family in order to take refuge in a strange country. One day, when he was pressing her more warmly, he backed his solicitations with so many assurances of discretion, and promises of attachment, that Nerville, overcome, yielded to his desires. 'The interest that you take in my fate,' said she to him, 'is too generous not to surmount my repugnance to describe it to you, such as it is. I am the daughter of a gentleman, whose name is not perhaps unknown to you; I lost my mother very early in life, and with her that necessary guide of our tender years, that scourge of consolation and salutary advice, which is so seldom to be supplied by any other person. My father died in the service; I was entrusted to the care of a very old uncle, who was rather fond of me. I should have found the quiet and retired kind of life, that he made me pass at his house, agreeable enough, had not the unsupportable temper of his wife tormented me incessantly. Among the small number of persons that he saw, there was a son of one of his friends, who formed upon me designs which I did not disapprove; he was young, amiable, and since my uncle admitted him into his house, it is needless to say that he considered him as a gentleman. He declared his intentions respecting me; but as fortune did not favour him, his proposal was not accept-

ed. My uncle destined me for a person of his choice, that is to say, old and rich, but besides, so infirm and avaricious, that I could not find it in my heart to receive him for a husband. My rejected lover had contrived to transmit me the marks of his despair, and the assurances of his eternal fidelity; I loved him; my uncle himself knew no other defect in him than his not having a sufficient fortune, and yet he wished to force me to follow his will in taking the odious miser whom I could not endure. The extremity to which he reduced me, made me yield to my inclination; I married my lover, after having eloped from my uncle's house. Our union being accomplished, my new husband compelled my uncle to give up to me the property of my father; scarcely did he possess it, when I saw him dissipate it by his prodigality: to the extreme tenderness which he had at first shewn me, succeeded some shameful behaviour; he totally deserted me; and having obtained a situation as an officer in the regiment of Bourbonnois, he set off for the Island of Corsica, where he is at present. My family exasperated, caused me to be sought after, in order to secure my person; I am flying from their anger, victim as I am, of a betrayed love I am looking for an asylum where I can pass my days quietly without feeling the resentment of my cruel relations. My friends have not quite forsaken

me on this occasion ; I can verify my story by letters which relate to it. Here are some from M. de —, lieutenant general, and from the marshal de —

Dulilot saw nothing in these letters but proofs of the story, which he had listened to with so much attention, and during which he had been agitated by a thousand different emotions. The interest that he felt for Nerval, did but increase ; it appeared to him delightful to be able to relieve unfortunate beauty in distress, and injured virtue ; his conversation expressed these sentiments to Nerval, who, touched by his generous offers, betrayed a confidence that charmed Dulilot.

They arrived at Lyons, where the friendly attention of Dulilot obliged the amiable and unfortunate lady, to take a house more suitable to his person than to her situation, which he endeavoured to alleviate by the most generous behaviour every day he established, or rather strengthened himself in the confidence of Nerval ; he thought he had gained her good will, so far as to be able to confess to her, how unhappy he was that she had already engaged her hand to a man who was so unworthy of it : and how transported he should be, if, by a method which he slightly glanced at, she could withdraw it in his favour. Nerval's delicacy appeared to be startled, at a proposition to which she had herself brought Dulilot : it was only

after some time, attention, and perseverance, that she made known her resolution. As legitimate means were the only ones that she would employ, she told Dulilot, who was pressing her continually, that she was determined to get her marriage dissolved ; and for this purpose, it was necessary that she should go to Corsica, to urge its annulment.

Dulilot, charmed at the project, provided every thing that was requisite for this voyage, and penetrated with grief at the absence of his mistress, it was only in consequence of her positive prohibition that he did not accompany her to the place of embarkation ; he therefore tried to console himself, by indulging the flattering hopes which this step afforded him.

Debar, the intimate friend of Dulilot, of whom I have spoken at the begining, was in his confidence ; but he combated, with all his might, an inclination, the end of which did not appear to him advantageous to his friend ; he ventured to entertain a rather unfavourable opinion of Nerval, and what he strove to persuade Dulilot to on this head, had a little cooled the latter. Debar's attachment, however, was not at all changed ; he pitied his friend, and still cultivated his confidence in order to reserve to himself the means of being useful to him : so noble a manner of acting touched Dulilot, who came to himself, and listened to his advice, although he

did not follow it when it counteracted his inclination.

Nerville returned from Corsica; she informed the impatient Dulilot, that their wishes could not be accomplished, and that she found insurmountable obstacles to the dissolution of her marriage. Dulilot was disconsolate; he found no alleviation to his grief, but in the part which Nerville condescended to take in it: and this trifling comfort was unavailing.

During all this interval, Nerville's family had not given up their researches: she learnt by letters which she always communicated to Dulilot, that her uncle had some suspicions of her being at Lyons, and that she would not be there long in safety. 'You see, my dear Dulilot,' said she to him in a tender tone, 'with what animosity they pursue me; it seems that frightful destiny envies me the comforts, with which your generous esteem soothed my bitter troubles. Do not be surprised if some day, an unforeseen warning should force me to a sudden absence. In case I should come to know that my relations are too well informed, and are taking measures accordingly, I would go to Toulouse, to conceal myself in a convent, of which this is the address; however, you must not write to me there, before you have heard from me, and I might possibly not send a letter to you for a month, on account of the necessary

circumspection and precaution, which I shall explain to you, and which you may already anticipate.'

The tears with which she accompanied this speech, were followed by tender protestations mutually expressed, to love each other for ever in spite of their misfortunes.

(To be Continued.)

THE OBSERVER,

NUMBER I.

The practice of attempting to criticise in the present day, is peculiarly unhappy. If candid men were to judge of it, they would conclude it was rather indulging in private animosity and envy; or that like hireling historians, instead of paying respect to merit in recording truth, enter what most accords with their prejudiced views.

A candid and virtuous part of a community travel on the journey of life, in the ways of wisdom, and in the paths of peace; they view the contending revolution of circumstances around them, with due interest; but judge by the rule of propriety; sufficiently intelligent, they silently listen and read, and in their own minds, think as they will.

Others however, swell'd up with vanity, imagine their knowledge far superior; they suppose there

is as much difference in men, as there is in beasts: and assume the high responsibility of public censor, without understanding the real principals which compose such characters, or without possessing the integrity necessary, to fulfil their duties with respectability and prudence. In order to excel in the pursuits which ameliorate the miseries of mankind:—in cultivating the good qualities and the human mind:—and in acquiring the talents which enable men to exhibit true virtue in its simplicity and chastity:—They should endeavour to avoid the indulgence of envy, and erase from their own breasts, the venom of corrupt jealousy. Yet rare are such critics to be found. We often perceive, (Like the beautiful rose bud in the garden, just opening its sweets to the senses of the beholder,) the growing genius of youthful excellence; nipt in its entrance to life, by the chilly blasts of scorn, or trampled under foot, by the senseless head of mercenary ignorance.

The splendid residence of fame on the summit of the mount of science, has paths which lead her votaries to a rich banquet, abounding with exhilarating and delicious luxuries: tho' often infested by banditti, who would arrest the steps of her sons, and rob them of the offerings they would lay upon her altar: and most there fruit, ripened by the fructifying rays of experience, be steep'd in the impur-

brine of selfishness? Is this the tribute demanded, ere the threshold of the elevated pavillion is attain'd? then let me forever dwell in the humble cottage of obscurity, and find my reward, in the satisfaction of an approving conscience.

It is only necessary for modest excellence in these modern times, to enter the lists, and its appearance will immediately produce in created critics, the hateful passion of prejudice:—It should not be so.... True worth cannot indeed be injur'd by a fair examination, nor sound talents lose by competition.

Nor was satire ever intended to wound the feelings of chastity, or flush the cheek of modesty with shame, much less to bespatter the memory of the pious dead, and thus dishonor their illustrious names. why do her deciples then act so repugnant to her precepts?

Let him who indulges in vice, and rolls himself in her empure mine! — Yet professes to be the friend and admirer of virtue, be pointed at by the finger of truth, as a fit object to be avoided and sham'd,---but let us take care, that we follow not too close at his heels, lest we partake of his deformity, and by unwatchfulness, become Companions in error.

—: —: —: —: —
The subject of the communication in the Morning Post of last week merits attention. Gambling

and every other species of dissipation is practiced by apprentices and youth to an alarming degree. A striking, though probably too common case, was recently brought to light. An apprentice who lodged with his father, received his board-wages every Saturday night, but having failed in paying him for a number of weeks, he inquired of his master into the cause. It then appeared that the lad had told his father a falsehood every week, and used the money himself. And on further examination he was traced to a house in East-George-street, and found in a company of other apprentices, drinking and gambling with their purloined money. The infamous keeper of this house was prosecuted to conviction, and punished with just severity. And the father of the lad promised a statement of the transaction, and ought to have given it to the public. The name of a fellow more dangerous than the midnight assassin ought to be exposed to the executive authority.

The vices here alluded to, are the most prolific source of ruin to the rising generation. Probably there are but few merchants or mechanics in this city, who generally employ a number of clerks or apprentices, but actually lose some one of them in this way. Their dissipation leads them to pilfering. The gambling and dancing-house, tavern, circus and theatre must be attended by

these young grog-drinking and cigarr-smoking gentry. To supply funds for the expence, honesty is deficient, industry is despised, and downright theft is resorted to. And bridewell and state-prison bring up many a hopeful chap, whose name, from respect to his connexions, is never published.

Preachers of morality, instructors of youth, and editors of books and other publications, cannot render a more useful service to the public than to direct their efforts and admonitions against the vices of youth, "the sins which easily beset them." Printers should not be backward on this subject. Within the present year three of their profession, but lately promising, capable and respectable members of society, have been discovered to be gone, past cure, in vice and infamy--one of them a widow's only son, indulged and maintained to his ruin. Other trades or avocations are not free from their proportion of instances. Masters, see that your apprentices are bound to you, keep a watchful eye over their conduct abroad. And if you detect them in frequenting the sinks of iniquity and destruction with which the city abounds, arrest them in their career at all hazards; for it were better for them, as well as yourselves, that they were thrown into the sea with a millstone to their necks, than that their evil propensities should be indulged.

THE HARVEST EVENING.

A RURAL SKETCH.

AT length the crimson West proclaims the end of day : the sun sinks down behind the hill, and leaves the jaded peasantry to seek their homes. How still around ! The atmosphere is hush'd ! Behold the happy tribe ! their sultry day completed, issuing from their hospitable master's door: each takes his road, and, warmin heart, give each the kind ' good night. Ah ! who knows how soon the last ' good night' may come !—One youth the kindest of the throng, bids the farewell, and, with his little dog, hastens his steps toward his father's cot. But bark ! what rattling in the trees ! louder and louder is the sound ! The wind still rises, and sable clouds precede the impending storm. At once the whole horizon is a dismal scene ! The tempest comes, the dreadful lightning darts its fatal blaze, and thunder shakes the earth ! Alas ! the moment fraught with direst woe is now at hand—A burning flash strikes the poor youth, and lays him prostrate on the ground ! The faithful dog, close to his master's feet, howls out and feels the blow. The dog comes to him, but ah ! in vain he expects his master's kind caress ; no more he feels his soothing hand. The peasant falls to rise no more ! Virtue and filial affection inscribe these lines upon his rural grave :

' Beneath this humble sod is laid.
Bemoan'd by all the village train,
A youth who ev'ry effort made
The love of all friends to gain.
From early dawn to closing night
His aged parents, ease he sought;
And all their comfort and delight
Was by his daily labour bought:
No task to him was e'er too hard
Which gave his aged mother rest,
And oft the happy dame's regard
She warmly to the youth expres'd.
But ah ! the mother now is lost—
Her life, her soul support, is gone :
The fatal stroke her reason cost,
Distraction does her less bemoan.

W. H.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

For the *Lady's Miscellany.*

From the PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.

THE HINT. No. XV.

"Good men are easily moved to tears."

ODYS B, 17—365.

To weep with those who weep, says Epictetus, is consistent with the dignity of the soul, and congenial to the feelings of humanity. "The calm lights of mild philosophy" must sometimes be darkened by grief ; and tears will glisten even in the eyes of those stoics, who deem a temporary submission to its influence a degrading weakness. Even Cato, the unrivalled pattern of fortitude and philosophy, and apparently insensible to filial sorrow, wept over the calamity of his country.

The savage ferocity which invests modern philosophy, has eradicated from the hearts of its followers the feelings and sympathies which soften, along with the virtues which dignity and adorn. Cold, calculating and depraved, it proscribes whatever is amiable in feeling, or excellent in conduct. It is consistent for those who scoff at religion, outrage humanity, and trample upon virtue, to ridicule those sympathies and social feelings which counteract their designs. To shed a tear, however it might mitigate the poignancy of grief, would in their eyes be degrading. It may be dignified and exalted to regard with indifference whatever is calculated to excite sympathy, and to repel without emotion the most violent attacks of sorrow. But it is a kind of dignity, a species of exaltation, which humanity does not recognize, which good men disdain, which can create no envy, and procure no admiration. On the death of a beloved son, Solon was desired not to weep, since weeping would avail nothing; he answered, *And for this cause I weep.*

Tears not only take from the bosom surcharged with grief many of its pangs, but when sympathy for the sorrow of a friend prompts them to flow, it softens and assuages, though it may not remove affliction.

"No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gems that twinkling hang from beauty's ears

Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns which gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the TEAR that breaks
For other woes down Virtue's manly cheeks."

At the tomb of Lazarus, the Saviour of the world mingled his tears with those of his disciples -- "Jesus wept." Let the cold bosom where apathy predominate, and whose languid emotions never yield a tear, delight in its own disposition; but never let it presume that sensibility is weakness, nor that it is unmanly to weep when sorrow oppresses the heart, or sympathy dissolves it in tenderness.

Q

Interesting Anecdote.--St. PIERRE; in his celebrated work, the *Studies of Nature*, thus introduces the following anecdote. It is impossible for virtue to subsist independently of religion. I do not mean the theatrical virtues which attract public admiration. By virtue I understand the good which we do to men, without expectation of reward on their part, and frequently at the expence of fortune, nay even of reputation. Analyze all those whose traits have appeared to you the most striking; there is no one of them but what points out Deity, nearer or more remote. I shall quote one not generally known, and singularly interesting from its obscurity.

"In the last war in Germany, a

Captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of the troop and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley; in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it he went up and knocked at the door; out comes an ancient Hernouten, with beard silvered by age. Father, says the officer, shew me a place where I can set my troops a foraging. 'Presently,' replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley; there is the very thing we want, says the Captain. Have patience for a few minutes, replies his guide, you shall be satisfied. They went on and at that distance of about a quarter of a league further, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble, the first field was much better than this. Very true, Sir, replied the good old man but it was not mine."

This stroke goes directly to the heart. I defy any atheist to produce me any thing to be compared with it.

The celebrated Milesian philosopher, if illustrious as the founder of

the Ithonick school, having received the following questions from Amasis King of Egypt, sent these answers to each of them.

Wouldst thou be informed what is *oldest*? It is *God*, because he is a Being from Eternity. Wouldst thou know what is *Greatest*? It is *Space*; for the world contains all things, but that contains the world. Wouldst thou be satisfied what is *Fairest*? It is the *Earth*; because it is exquisitely contrived and arranged. Wouldst thou be told what is *Wisest*? It is *Time*: Because it discovers the most secret transactions. Wouldst thou be acquainted with what is *Common*, to all men? It is *Hope*; for which every possession is gone that abides with us. Dost thou ask what is *best*? It is *Virtue*, for it sweetens the enjoyments of life. Dost thou ask what is *worst*? It is *Vice*, for it corrupts every good. Dost thou inquire what is *Strongest*? It is *Necessity*, because that alone is invincible. Dost thou inquire what is most *agreeable*? It is to obey the dictates of *Virtue*, and follow the ends she has marked out.

Marquis of Townsend's Will.—The following will be found to be the principal bequests and legacies made in the last testament of this nobleman, viz.—The family estate of Rainham (the entail was cut of about 4 years ago,) with all the furniture, plate, pic-

tures (including the *Bellisarius*, by *Salvator Rosa*, valued at 10, 000 guineas) to his second son *Lord C Townsend*. To his Lordship's two daughters, 15, 000l. each, and to *Miss Walcup* 40, 000l. and his house, library, and furniture at *Richmond*. The family estates in *Warwickshire*, and other counties, to the amount of nearly 18, 000l. per annum, remaining entailed, go hereditarily to the present *Marquis*.

BLACK-BERRIES.

A man by the name of *Berry* who was rather of a dark complexion for one of the descendants of the '*white men*,' was proverbial for telling the most gross and inconsistent falsehoods; so that when any improbable or doubtful story was related, it was termed a *black-berry* story. It happened that a son of *Neptune* had an affray with some person upon which a judicial decision was to be had, when *Berry* appeared as evidence against him, and as usual, swore directly contrary to the truth. When he had finished the gallant *tar* hail'd the judge and asked him if *black-berry* stories counted? Yes, replied the, judge (well knowing the common acceptance of the term,) 'if you cannot disprove it'--And how much does he have for his oath?' 4s9 rejoined the judge. Then curse me, I'll relinquish the case, continued the *tar*, 'for if you allow liars a premium, they will always be as plenty as *black berries*.

Bath Aug. 9.

Sporting Intelligence.

An Equestrian Exploit, which has created much interest in this city and neighbourhood, was determined yesterday morning on the *Bristol and Bridgewater road*. Mr. *Langley*, attorney of this city, undertook to ride his black mare, seven years old, 100 miles in twelve successive hours.

The original bet was 300 guineas to 100 guineas, that he did not accomplish it, but from the well known bottom of the animal, and the rider's skill and persevering spirit, the bet turned considerably in his favour before the day of starting. The ground Mr. *Langley* chose was favourable to his object, the road being particularly good--10 miles betwixt *Cross* and *Bridgewater*.

At half past six on Wednesday evening Mr. *Langley* started, & completed his arduous undertaking in 1 hour & 10 minutes within the stipulated time; neither the horse nor the rider appearing exhausted or distressed, notwithstanding it rained hard and incessantly during the last forty miles.

The following is the extract statement of the performance as minuted down by Mr. *Charles Henley* who was appointed umpire on the occasion--The ground as we have before stated, was 10 miles & the same road back which had been repeatedly measured by eminent surveyors on similar occasions, and the particulars of their

| | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------|----|
| admeasuremen. | deposited with | |
| Mr. Lawrence, of Cross. | <i>h. m.</i> | |
| The first 20 miles were rode in | 2 | 7 |
| From 20 to 40 | 1 | 45 |
| 40 to 60 | 1 | 49 |
| 60 to 80 | 1 | 47 |
| 80 to 100 | 2 | 12 |
| Total of time actually on the road | 9 | 40 |

(STORY 201)

A little boy seeing a gentleman walking the street placed himself in a convenient place to speak with him, when the gentleman, came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged for a few cents, "money!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you had much better beg for manners than money." "I asked," said the boy, "for what I thought you had the most of."

A gentleman the other day in the Strand, over heard one sailor telling another that he had forgot Lord Nelson's Christian name---- Why, *Hurra-shio* you lubber (says Jack, a stout looking fellow who probably could fight better than he could spell) and what could be more proper or convenient, as he was always licking the French, than to have a name that began with *hurra*!

Abraham Hoffman says the quaint author of *Anatomy of Melancholy* relates out of Plato, that Endoelus the philosopher, was present at the cutting up of one that died for love. His heart was combust, his liver smoky, His lungs dried up insomuch that he verily believes his

soul was either sod or roasted, through the vehemency of love's fire. Which, belike made a modern writer of amorous emblems expression love's fury by a pot hanging over the fire, and Cupid blowing the coals.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter," answered "Upon my soul, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, October 26, 1811.

The City Inspector reports the death of 61 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week, ending on the 19th inst.

N. W. BURGH, S: P: T. 24.

Hail Storm—At Naples, N. York State, head of Canadiagua Lake, on Wednesday the 28th ult. there was a most violent hail storm, for about 15 minutes, which had remarkable effects.—The hail fell in large sizes, one of them, which was driven into the window of major Clark's house, bounced on the floor and broke a looking glass on the west side of Mr. Warren Clark's house were nearly all broken; a field of corn, buckwheat and tobacco, belonging to Mr. W. James, was much injured; but a flock of black-birds that was in the field, where the greatest sufferers; thirteen dozen of them were since picked up which is supposed to be but part of the number which fell victims to the icy storm. We state this on the authority of eye witness.

Waterford Oct. 15

Melancholy—On Tuesday last, while several persons were engaged on the

building of Gideon Putnam, Saratoga Springs, the scaffold on which they stood fell; by which accident, Barnabas Sullard was immediately killed, Mr. Putnam, dangerously wounded, and two others considerably injured.

BUFFALO Oct. 2.

Two or three families were lately driven on shore in an open boat a few miles above Fort Erie. They were removing from New England to the province of upper Canada. Two men and two Children were drowned, and all the property on board entirely lost. It was said that about 2000 dollars in bills on the eastern banks were also lost. The unfortunate widows and children, whose lives were saved are thus left entirely destitute of the means of support.

From our. Philadelphia Correspondent dated on Saturday Noon.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

On Thursday morning last, at 4 o'clock the Schooner Malinda Capt. Brown, bound for N. York, while laying at bombay Hook, caught fire near the mizzen mast, it is supposed which communicating to 30 casks of gunpowder, a dreadful explosion followed. The vessel was shivered to pieces; every soul on board, 10 in number (one passenger excepted) perished.—The passenger who was saved, after the explosion, found himself entangled in the shroud, and although very much burned, succeeded in climbing up the mast, from which he was taken at day light, and brought up to town that morning—He has been conveyed to the Hospital, where every care will be taken of him. Besides the crew, there were four passengers on board, two women and two men. Capt. B. has a family in New York, to whom this melancholy intelligence will prove peculiarity affecting. The passengers were Wheelwrights, moving to New York for employment.

Robber and Murder. On Thursday morning last, the body of Aaron Riley merchant of Berlin, Con was taken out of Berlin-slip and on examination, his skull was discovered to have been beat in; his watch missing, and his pocket Book which was known to have contained nearly two thousand dollars taken out of his pocket. The deceased had left New-Haven in a packet, and the wind coming ahead when he reached Hurlgate, he left her and walked to town on Friday last; and in the evening of the same day was missing—nor was any tidings heard of him until the body was found this morning under the circumstances above described, [E. Post.

An extraordinary preservation—The Wonderful Magazine itself among all its real or fictitious tales contains nothing to surpass the fact before us. All the news papers have contained an account of the misfortune that befel the Norwalk Packet, the Slow and Easy, in the gale on Sunday last. She was upset in the Sound, and the crew, with 13 passengers only saved themselves by clinging to the vessel and rigging, until they were taken off by the generous exertions of Capt. Earell of the Packet Fame, belonging to Newport, R. I. who went to their relief and afforded it at the hazard of his life. One passenger however, a Mr. Samuel Waring was not to be found among those who had sustained themselves on the wreck and the supposition was that he had been drowned in the cabin. The packet drifted on the Long-Island shore opposite Fairfield and the next day a number of people went down to the beach to secure her. When she was righted, behold their was Samuel Waring, alive & well incredible as it may seem, an highly rejoiced you may be sure to find himself once more in the land of the living.

It happened that he was lying in a birth to the windward when the packet overset. He held on as well as he could and finding that tho' the cabin was nearly full of water, it did not quite reach his head, he stuck fast, kicked away the boards from the birth at his feet for air to breathe, & had nothing to do but to keep away the rats from eating him alive, until he was taken out the next day.

A greater escape is perhaps not on record.—ib.

On Wednesday night last a Tornado passed the upper part of Camden on the Jersey shore, opposite Philadelphia; blew out the gable end of a house belonging to Richard Cooper, esq. lifted and removed off its foundation a Barn with its contents: the necessary in the garden built of heavy pine boards, was carried off entirely and was seen in Cooper's Creek, about a mile from its scite the next morning; a flock of sheep were also carried into the air, some of them found at a considerable distance from their pen and some of them have not yet been found.



Married.

On Monday evening last by the rev. Mr. Milldollar Mr. John Dupignac, to the amiable Miss Phebe Clark, all of this city.

At Fairfield, Connecticut, on Thursday the 17th inst. by the rev Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Anson Hubbell, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Squire, daughter of Mr. Joseph Squire, of the former place.

At Newark, by the rev. Mr. Richards on Wednesday Evening the 16th inst. Mr. William James Stewart, Son of James A. Stewart, esq. of New-York, to Miss Hannah Hopkins.

In this city on Sunday evening, October 20th by the rev. Mr. Bartow, of New Rochelle, the rev. John V. Bartow to Miss Matilda W. Stewart.

In Tennessee Peter Mayo, esq. to Miss Eliza Holmes.

At Trinity Church, Newport, Thomas W. Moore, esq his Britannic Majesty's Consul. resident at Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Gibbs, daughter of the late, George Gibbs, esq.



Died.

On the 21st inst. Dr. James Wilson, aged 29 years.

At her seat, Cherry Grove, near Natchez. Mrs. Catherine Surget, aged about 62 years.

Near Boston, the Hon. James Bowdoin aged 69 years.

On Wednesday the 16th inst. aged 77 years, Mrs. Elizabeth Burling, widow of the late Lancaster Burling.

"The righteous hath hope in his death."

On Sunday last, after a tedious illness which she bore with Christian fortitude. Mrs. Elizabeth Byvanck, in the 75th year of her age, widow of the late John Byvanck.

On the 8th of Sept. on board the brig Cannon, on his passage from New Orleans to this place, Mr. Thomas Galbreath in the 22d year of his age eldest son of Mr. David Galbreath, of London. He was an amiable and accomplished young man much respected by all who knew him.

On Friday the 18 inst. Mr. John Turner, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Near Camden, Del. on the 8th instant John Lockwood, esq Senator elect for Kent County in the Senate Delaware.

On the 21st inst. Dr. James Wilson, aged 29 years.

At New Orleans on the 20th ult. Don Joseph Roxas. Professor of Mathematics for the Orleans Collage, by birth a Mexican. He was a man of talents possessing an amiable disposition, universally beloved and will be universally lamented.

On Sunday the 13th inst. Samuel G. Pearsale, aged 24 years.

Death unrelenting, has just aimed his dart,

And struck a blow, which wounds a mothers hart,
For o'er the city; lo the news is spread,
To happier realms mild Samuel spirit fled.

From friends, and all on earth held dear remov'd,

By all lamented, and by all belov'd,
But oh, what words, can paint his mo-

thers grief,
Or give his mourning sisters rend relief,

Samuel is dead, but give your sorrows o'er;

He lives above, he lives to die no mor



*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

::::::::::

For the Lady's Miscellany.

In justice to the Author of the following piece, we deem it our duty to give it a second insertion. Owing to the absence of the Editor, many errors occurred.

To —

I lov'd to seek, the cool retreat,
Within the dark and shady grove :
But sweeter far it was to meet,
My dearest friend the girl I love.
I lov'd to view the envious rose,
'Twas there thy semblance I could see ;
But ah, how sweet at twilight close,
Was the delight of meeting thee.
Late in a mild and pensive hour,
I gather'd thee a lovely flower ;
But ah, they whither and decay,
For you are torn from me away.
'Twas late, I pluck'd a tender rose,
And water'd it with tears for thee ;
That faded with my lost repose,
For you my love was torn from me.
Now when the toil of day is done,
No joys salute me when at home :
My peace of mind and rest is o'er,
For ah ; I meet my love no more.
If liberty is gone from thee,
My ardent love, shall stronger be ;
I'd know no rest I'd heed no pain,
Could I thy liberty regain.
But still the happy hour may come.
When P——s, will to reason turn ;
Till then, my love, shall true remain :
And I shall meet my friend again.

Greenwich Oct. 17.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

By inserting the following, in your valuable Miscellany, you will oblige a Subscriber.

J. C.

Sweet those twinkling orbs of light,
That beam from under brows so fair ;
Sweet those teeth of ivory white,
That add such grace to lovely hair.

Sweet those checks of coral red,
That bloom like Roses after showers,
Sweeter the tears those eyes have shed,
Than manna from the Eastern shores.

Sweet those lips—that lips invite,
To taste of pleasure unalloy'd,
Dispel the gloom of darkest night,
And keep the thoughts on love employ'd

The fairest face that nature drew,
To soothe the dullest hours of care ;
The tongue that never malice knew,
The heart that all would wish to share.

— : —

STANZAS.

Awake all my pow'rs ! and enliven the time

While absent I live from my Love,
Sweet hope whispers peacefully, "soon
shall be thine,
And thou sincere blessings will prove."

But hope oft deceives us and flatters and
dies ;

Perhaps it may thus b', with you
Ah no ! on sweet hope my fond wish
rapid flies,

I know my sweet love will prove true.

Our friendship is founded on troth, honest, fair,

Her promise is good as an oath ;
I will not, I must not, I cannot despair,
Her word is dictated by truth.

M.

PEACE AND THE SHEPHERD.

Down in a deep sequester'd vale,
Whence Alpine heights ascend,
A beauteous nymph, in pilgrim garb,
Is seen her steps to bend.
Her olive garland drops with gore ;
Her scatter'd tresses torn,
Her bleeding breast, her bruised feet
Bespeak a maid forlorn.
'From bower and hall, and palace driven
To these lone walls I flee,
My name is *Peace*, I love the cot ;
O Shepherd, shelter me !'
'O beauteous pilgrim, why dost thou
From bower and palace flee ?
So soft thy voice, so sweet thy look,
Sure all would shelter thee.'
Like Noah's dove no rest I find ;
The din of battle roars
Where once my steps I lov'd to print
Along the myrtle shores.
For ever in my frightened ears
The savage war-whoop sounds ;
And, like a panting hare, I fly
Before the op'ning hounds.'
'Pilgrim those spiry groves among
The mansions thou may'st see,
Where cloistered saints chaunt holy
hymns,
Sure such would shelter thee ?'
'Those roofs with trophied banners
stream,
Where martial hymns resound,
And, shepherd, oft, from croisier'd hands
This breast has felt a wound.'
'Ah ! gentle pilgrim, glad would I
These tones for ever hear !
With thee to share my scanty lot,
That lot to me were dear.
'But lo ! along the vine-clad steep,
The gleam of armour shines ;
His scatter'd flock, his straw-roof'd hut
The helpless swain resigns.
'And now the mouldering flames aspire ;
Their lurid light I see ;
I hear the human wolves approach :
I cannot shelter thee !'

A SUBLIME THOUGHT.

Were the whole ocean ink,
And every stick a quill :
Were the whole earth of parchment made
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love of God on high :
'Twould drain the ocean dry :
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Tho' it were stretch'd from pole to pole.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
Neatly and correctly executed, on
reasonable terms ; and goods
(of any kind) will be taken
in part payment,—at the
Office of the

LADY'S MISCELLANY

CARPET WEAVER.

The subscriber, respectfully solicits
the patronage of the Lady's in this city,
as carpet weaver.—he is an aged man,
and wishes to employ his time in this
way, as weaving has been his general
profession, he will be thankful for, and
will strictly attend to all orders left for
him at No. 12 Henry street,
August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed
to No. 145 Broadway, where he continues
to procure money on Mortgages,
notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells
houses, improved farms, & tracts of land
Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-
sonable commision.—Also the lease of
2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30
farms, several with good improvements,
will be sold low, goods & property of e-
very sort taken in payment, or any who
forms a company tickets & draw for the
different farms will be liberally paid for it
Also a skilfull farming man with a good
character, will meet with encouragement
by applying as above.

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